APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well, 'that painted it ?

APEM. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. You are a dog[7].

APEM. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog ?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

APEM. No ; *I* eat not lords.

TIM. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

APEM. G, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEM. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

AP&M. Not so well as plain-dealing[8], which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet ?

POET. How now, philosopher ?

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one ?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet ?

POET. Yes.

7 *Pain.* You are a dog.] This speech, which is given to the *Pawtter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake; it evidently belongs to the former. HITS our.

[9] Not so well as plain-dealing.] Alluding to the proverb: *** Plain dealing is *a jewel,* but they that use it die beggars."

STEEVENS.